

A Short History
OF THE
**PIONEER
SCOTCH
SETTLERS**

OF
St. Andrews, Sask.

BY
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FOREWORD

These are the days of which we may say with truth that people carry their memories in their pockets. If we go on an errand, important or otherwise, we have to consult our little notebook, to remind us where we are to call, and for what purpose.

Our ancestors in the good old days of yore were not thus handicapped, for it was necessary then to commit things to memory, as books were few and far between, and fewer still were those able to use them. Therefore the people cultivated the art of remembering what they heard, what they saw, and what their experiences were in their day and generation. In this way through the cultivation of centuries their memories, especially those of their recorders or "Seanachaidhs," were prodigious for their capacity in this respect, were equal to that of our great Canadian barns—with always plenty of room for the next item.

Consequently vast quantities of family lore and tradition could be drawn on at a moment's notice for the edification of the rising generation, and were thus transmitted carefully through the bookless ages in their Highland homes of long ago.

Books and papers gradually appeared on the scene, and the good reliable long memories became shorter till they almost disappeared like the "fairies" and one may now meet a husband jogging quietly home from his market town ever and anon looking at his parcels, trying to think of something he forgot, and then he suddenly stops with a scared and dazed look, as it dawns on him that he left his wife in town.

Therefore if our children are to know anything about their pioneer forebears in the future, it is necessary that we should write a short account of our early settlers, while their kindly loving memories are still green and fragrant in our midst at this comparatively early stage of our Canadian citizenship.

At date of writing, being the early part of the year of our Lord 1921, the world is still staggering from the effects of the "Great War" and vast forces awakened by it are testing the strength of civilization's fortress till that which a few years ago was thought impregnable is drunkenly quivering before the assault.

Also at date in question, practically all of the older generation of those splendid, simple, God fearing and loving men and women have passed on to their reward, after leading honest, upright lives, and fighting the battle of life in a way to make us all proud of them, and which we, their sons and daughters, would do well to imitate.

If we take up a map of Scotland we may see (if we are blessed with good eyesight) the tiny dots of isles off the West coast, cradled on the stormy bosom of the great Atlantic ocean, which our fathers for countless moons and many, many generations called "Home."

These are the little islands of Beubecula and South Uist from which our people immigrated to the Western Canadian prairies in the years 1883 and 1884.

Looking at those dots of islands from any angle, we are inclined to think that if a spry young Highlander took it into his head to jump from any doorstep there he would be in danger of falling in the company of fishes.

Yet hundreds of substantial families exist there, sometimes in a rather precarious fashion, it is true, but mostly happy and contented, for their needs are few and their faith strong.

To get any returns from their tiny holdings the land has to be nursed and carefully tended, yet after all the coaxing, labor and sweat, we cannot help wondering if the game is worth the candle to those who still cling to their ancient island homes. Yet our fathers and mothers loved those arid isles with a deep and lasting love, and their hearts were heavy when they left those inhospitable, but dear shores forever, as they turned their faces toward the great unknown Canadian West of the early eighties.

When about to sail, one of the women is said to have expressed herself rather strongly on the probable outcome of the venture, when a man present, one who had seen some other parts of the world, spoke as follows: "My dear woman, see that little boat down there? Well, you may go on board and turn it adrift to the four winds of heaven and let them drive you where they will, but be sure of one thing, and that is, that you cannot land anywhere in the civilized world where it won't be easier to make a living than it is in the place you are leaving today."

To conclude this foreword I intend, as far as I am able, to give a separate account of each family, the numbers and names of those that crossed the Atlantic, and I was also about to include their ages as then officially given, but find that they are not always reliable. However, I will give those of the heads of the families, but anyone doubting the figures given has permission to qualify the statement by adding the words "more or less." The ages of the families will be given in a general way, purely out of consideration for the ladies, and I also want to keep my hair on for some years yet.

Of course, I could tell them—for misery loves company—that our old friend, the "Josua of our people," Mr. Donald MacDiarmid, gave me those ages, but would they listen?

I may also mention, a source of great regret to all lovers of the Gaelic language, and that is that the younger generation did not prove as true and faithful to their beautiful mother tongue, as for instance our Nova Scotian brethren, who, true to the language, faith and traditions of their fathers, have produced and are producing a big percentage of the smartest men in Canada.

Many of our young folks—and some of the old ones, too—that should know better, have a sort of Saskatchewanized Gaelic, which the younger ones keep bottled up as a treat for their grandmothers when they pay their annual visit. But, alas, it is a sad sample, for all the softness is gone, and the degenerate stilted remnant would make "Ossian" weep.

For this reason all the Gaelic that I shall use here will be the old familiar family names by which our old-timers were known while they lived, and by which we still think of them when we turn our thoughts backwards to the good old happy days we enjoyed in their company.

On account of being rather isolated from the bulk of our people for many years, I have been unable to get particulars about many members and families. Therefore any omissions in this respect will be understood to be far from intentional.

I also hope to conclude these little sketches by giving a short account of our spiritual advisers, though they deserve an abler pen than mine.

In the early summer of the year 1883 there arrived in the Wapella district a party of forty-seven souls, all with few exceptions hailing from the island of Beubecula.

These were the founders of the first settlement, now known as St. Andrews and Beubecula, some seven to ten miles south and south-west from the town of Wapella.

Their names were as follows:—

“Domhull MacDhiarmid”—P.

Donald MacDiarmid of Aird Beubecula. — Donald, like “Josue” of the children of Israel, had been in the country the previous year, for the purpose of looking over the land as Lady Cathcart’s agent. To prove that he found it to his liking, with plenty of elbow room for cultivating milk and honey, not forgetting money, we find him back there with his friends, and settling on the banks of the Pipestone, where he still resides. A few years after he staked his claim he was married to Jane, eldest daughter of Roderick MacDonald: They raised a large family of ten children, four sons and six daughters, all grown up now, bright, intelligent, and doing well in their various callings. Two sons, Roderick and John, enlisted during the war; the first named gave his life for the cause, being killed in France, leaving a young wife and two tiny children to mourn his untimely end.

Donald and his wife are in comfortable circumstances, and bids fair to live to a green old age.

“Ruairidh MacDhomhuill’ic Ruairidh”—P.

Roderick MacDonald of Liniclate, Beubecula, and his wife Mary, nee McRury, aged 57 and 48 respectively. Their family consisted of six children, ranging in ages from 20 to 7, named as follows: James, Jane, Donald, Malcolm, Norman and Mary Alexandra. An excellent, well-balanced family who prospered well on our western prairies. All are married except Donald, and four have fine large families. In fact this branch of the clan is in no danger of becoming extinct.

James had two sons in the war and both came through safe. Another son was accidentally drowned while bathing in the Pipestone River some fifteen years ago.

As riches are counted in our farming communities, this family is blessed with an ample share, and they deserve it all.

Unfortunately Norman lost his wife a couple of years ago, leaving twelve of a family, the youngest a babe a few days old.

C—Catholic.

P—Protestant.

Roderick died in 1909 at the advanced age of 83. Mary, his widow, is still alive and well, one of the few remaining of her generation.

“Domhull MacNeill”—P.

Donald McDonald of Liniclate, Beubecula, his wife Christy, and one daughter, Kate, who later became the wife of James McDonald, son of Roderick, above mentioned. This old couple was 66 and 64 years of age respectively when they left the old country, and died many years later, ripe with years and honest, hard work.

“Séonnie Ruadh”—P.

John McDonald of Liniclate, Beubecula, was a son of Donald, mentioned above. His wife was Christie, nee McRury, daughter of a well known local bard in old Beubecula. John and his wife were both 30 years of age when they came over. Three young children, all under 4 years, arrived with the parents. Their names being as follows: Marion, Flora and Mary Margaret. This latter baby died on the way to the settlement and was buried at Brandon, Man. One son and four more daughters were born in Canada. This son, the only boy, unfortunately died in infancy.

John was a fine man and the best of neighbors. He died in 1913, leaving his dependents in easy circumstances. His widow and unmarried daughters are now residing at Winnipeg where some of the girls have lucrative positions.

“Ullean MacNeill”—P.

William McPherson of Iochdar, South Uist, and his wife Marion, nee McRury, who was also a daughter of the “bard” already mentioned. Their family consisted of four children, all born in this country. William was a hard worker, but was not very robust. He died many years ago at a comparative early age.

His widow, however, took intelligent hold of farming operations and made a success of it, also bringing up her little family in a very credible manner.

“Lachunn MacDhomuill”—P.

Lachlan McPherson of Liniclate, Beubecula, and his wife Christy, nee Nicholson. Their ages were 48 and 30 respectively. They had four children, all under 14 years, when they arrived, named as follows: Donald Archie (a son of Lachlan by a former marriage), John Kenneth, Peggy, and a baby named Mary. Three other children were born on the old homestead.

The mother suffered greatly for many years from a lingering illness, from which she finally died at an early age, and the father followed several years later.

Lachlan was a shrewd character. He also owned a fair amount of property, leaving his family beyond want.

The younger son, George, was one of the first to answer the call of his King and country. Joining in 1914, he took part in the great fight till the end, and was one of the few lucky ones who came back without a scratch.

“Domhull MacSheumais”—C.

Donald McDonald of Torlum, Beubecula, and his wife Effie, nee Morrison. Their ages are given as 40 and 39 respectively and they had four of a family, named as followsq Joanna, Donald Hugh, James and Peter, all under 12 years. Two other children were added to the family in this country, John A. and Flora. James died in 1896, John A. in 1911, and the mother in 1916.

Donald and his wife were splendid types of the old time hospitable Highlanders, and their home in pioneer days, being near the church, was practically a free boarding house, where all were made welcome.

Donald is still hale and hearty, and he can afford to take his declining years easy, and spend the time watching his numerous grand children grow up, visiting his sons and daughters in turn whenever he feels like it. This family “made good” in their adapted country and are all comfortable.

“Aonghas MacCarmaic”—C.

Angus McCormick of Uachdar, Beubecula, and his wife Marion, nee McDonald, aged 56 and 55 respectively. Three of a family, John, Peter and Christy, accompanied them.

The eldest son, Donald, who was married, also came over with them, but returned for his family, coming over again with the bulk of the immigrants in 1884.

Angus died in 1884 and was the first adult buried in the settlement. His widow lived to the age of 80 years, passing to the great beyond in February, 1904.

John and Peter married, and raised large families, so that the McCormick clan bids fair to rival the MacDonalds in St. Andrews Parish. A son of each enlisted for the great fray, but luckily the signing of the armistice brought them home again.

They are well to do, for it is said that the wolf never howls within many miles of their respective thresholds.

“Alasdair MacRaomhuill’ic Iain”—C.

Alexander McPherson of Torlum, Beubecula, and his wife Effie, nee McMillan, was 32 and 24 years respectively. One child, Malcolm, aged 9 months, completed the family then. Several sons and daughters were born to this worthy couple on the old farm as the years rolled on. Some of these died at tender ages. Donald and Ronald fought in the great war, the latter winning the military medal and a sergeant’s stripes. He was also badly wounded in battle. Another son died in his teens, and a daughter, named Kate, died in the prime of life a few years ago.

Alex was a carpenter by trade, and was often in demand by his neighbors to solve knotty problems pertaining to his trade. In the early days he often lent a willing and efficient hand to build the first churches and schools. He was also a good farmer and left many well tilled acres, besides a good home. McPherson died towards the end of 1916, much regretted by all who knew him. Some of his quaint sayings will be long remembered by his neighbors.

“Alasdair MacRaomhuill’ic Sheumais”—C.

Alexander McDonald of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, and his wife Catherine, nee McPhee, aged 35 and 26 respectively. The family of this couple were all born at St. Andrews. Two of the sons, Angus and Neil, joined the fighting forces against the Hun. Neil was wounded in battle overseas.

They are getting on well and should be able to sit inside when it rains.

The father died a few years ago after a lingering illness.

“Domhull MacAoidh”—P.

Donald McKay of Torlum, Beubecula. McKay was 20 years old in those days and was one of the few bachelors who stuck to the farm. The result is that he now owns a large slice of the Pipestone valley, and his flocks and herds therein include many horses and cattle, not forgetting quite a few beavers, who supply him with water during dry seasons.

Donald married several years after his arrival. His wife was a McPherson and came from his old home in Beubecula. They have one son.

“Iain MacBhannain”—P.

John Buchannan of Linielate, Beubecula. John’s age is given as 36. He was a bachelor then, but later on he took unto himself a well-to-do Canadian widow. Like Ruth of old, her people became his people, and her country and its ways his.

“Archie MacCalum Ruaidh”—P.

Archie MacDonald of Griminich, Beubecula, was a bachelor, aged 20, and he was evidently out of his element in the “Great West,” for after trying his hand at farming and shoe repairing for a while, he packed his trunk and returned to the old country.

“Eobhain beag agus Mairi an Eilean”—C.

Ewen McKinnon and his sister Mary of Iochdar, South Uist. These two stopped in Ontario for a few years, but later on followed their friends West. Ewen took up a homestead, where he farmed in a neat, orderly manner for several years, Mary being his housekeeper, as neither of them ever married. Ewen was a jolly soul, fond of the old Highland traditions, and many a long winter’s night he helped to shorten by his entertaining tales of long ago. Some form of paralysis laid poor Ewen low, almost depriving him of speech some time before his death, which occurred some ten years ago. Mary, though over 80 years, is quite smart and living in a neat cottage of her own on her nephew’s farm.

Our Immigrants of the Year 1884.

On the 24th day of April, 1884, the good ship “Buenos-Ayreal” of the famous “Allan Line”—and, if I am not mistaken, the first all-steel steamship to cross the Atlantic—left Glasgow en route for Canada,

carrying among her passengers the second and largest number of our pioneers, numbering in all 240 souls.

All arrived at Moosomin, Saskatchewan (then the "North-West Territories") safe and sound, late in May, and after camping there for a couple of weeks, getting equipped and dodging the long horns of the motive power of those days, they were finally guided further west to their respective homesteads, and there left to wrestle with the obstinate oxen and the no less obstinate little breaker with the long wooden beam, the short, almost upright handles, and the screeching gauge-wheel, to break up the virgin prairie.

With practically the whole country uninhabited from the boundary of the United States to the North Pole, and East-Westwards, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, our old-timers were given lands that were far and away from being the best that could be had by a united effort and a little experience.

Another great mistake—whoever was responsible for it—was the broadcast scattering of the people in various sections, instead of being in one good compact, wholesome Highland settlement, where the good old customs, language and traditions of the Gael could be cultivated to live for generations. If they were so settled they could also work together for the common good of the community, for means to a good end, as well as to a bad, can only be attained on the good old principle of "strength in numbers."

However, in those days everything, especially the endless sweep of the great prairies, looked good to our pioneers. The land was alive with wild life, all strange to them, but all delightful and soul-satisfying to people who were cooped up, as it were, for ages.

Birds and beasts were everywhere, and some of our dear old friends had an occasional unpleasant experience to relate in connection with one species of those "beasties," one of which I will give here.

One evening "Sandy" was out with his gun after duck. He shot a mallard, and was thinking, after retrieving it, whether he would have time to put another charge in the old muzzle loader before an Indian warrior, or a bear or something equally dreadful would appear over the top of the hill in front of him. Glancing over his shoulder to see if he was safe from that quarter, he saw a few yards away the prettiest little "doggie" he ever saw.

Sandy's eyes lit with pleasure as his thoughts flew across prairies and seas to his old cottage by the Glen, where he left his old collie "Spotty" howling dismally when Sandy and his little family turned their backs on their old home forever.

Now here was a bonnie substitute, thought Sandy. I'll call him "Stripes" if I catch the beauty.

Throwing his gun away he gave chase, and was surprised, and not a little proud of himself, when he found that he could run a little faster than the "doggie," whose bushy tail he eagerly caught, swinging the animal triumphantly over his head with the intention of making it dizzy without hurting its feelings, for Sandy was wise in the ways of dogs.

But alas for his hopes, it was poor Sandy himself who became dizzy and nearly blind, when he was obliged at last to give the skunk its liberty, and then sneezed his way to his tent where his coming was

strongly, if not loudly, announced, and not by the scent of "atter of roses" that preceded, surrounded and stuck to him closer than a brother.

"And," said Sandy afterwards, "the wife wouldn't let me in, till I buried all my clothes and took a bath in a slough full of frogs and lizzards and such cattle, and, you may believe me or not, but before I was five minutes in that slough, every frog, toad, lizzard and every other beastie raced for dry land, and you never saw such a hopping, squirmy, crawly procession in all your life as that slough population as they disappeared over my line on their way to Rory's big slough, whose frogs and things must have had the surprise of their lives.

It wouldn't be the natural order of human events, if our old-timers didn't have their ups and downs, trials and tribulations, especially during those early years, when everything, the climate, the work and the very atmosphere were strange. We have to pay in some way for our deeds and misdeeds, and especially for anything worth having in life, and they paid for their experience.

Leaving cramped quarters for spacious ones does not usually mean, that one may sit down and take it easy. On the contrary, it means greater responsibilities, and harder work, particularly the first few years, when one is at the foot of the ladder, without money or experience to help him up.

There is no getting over the fact that our old-timers were "green" in those days, though not quite so "green" as some of their neighbors hailing from the cities of their native land.

They knew at least which end of the plow to hitch their oxen to, which some of the others didn't, and they knew that boiled grain wouldn't grow, even if it would cover more land, and they also knew that a house should have a door, and windows, though it's easier to build without any. Yes, they knew that much, but they were very green, all the same.

However, we all know that the man who never makes a mistake, never learns anything. They made many mistakes, such for instance as planting some of their crops where the hail did the harvesting, and setting the brush and straw piles on fire the night before the frost came.

Such misfortunes and deferred hopes spurred our fathers and mothers to greater efforts. They were cheerful and happy and their invariable comments after any misfortune was—"It might have been worse," or "God's will be done."

This reminds me of the beautiful, strong, and simple faith of those men and women. They never consulted the signs of the weather to see if it would be convenient to take the "car" or the "top-buggy" to church. If not, of course, we of today cannot go to church on Sunday. Why, it would be unthinkable, who would expect it. "Goodness gracious, no, it might rain or snow or something, and this suit or that hat might be quite ruined."

Remember this, sons and daughters, grand-children and all: Come, rain or shine, storm or calm, summer or winter, every Sunday morning and oftener, according to time and season; our fathers and mothers got ready for church. As a rule they walked, some of them more than ten miles, often through snow knee-high, in the bitter depth of winter, and oftener than not ill-clad, measured with the standards of today. They

considered this a sacred duty, as we all should, and nothing, absolutely nothing was allowed to stand in their way of performing it. We cannot help wondering, comparing the dilatory practices of today with theirs, if their reward in their eternal Home is not justly and correspondingly greater than what we may expect, if we do not follow their example, and it is never too late to do that.

In worldly affairs, too, their perseverance overcame the usual obstacles, and as the years rolled by their substance accumulated, till almost every settler became independent.

If for nothing else, their descendants have reason to revere their memories, for their own comfortable circumstances today, the essence of it being made up of the following acts of those old-timers:— First, their decision to leave a place where a poor man had no chance to assert himself, and come for their children's sake, if not for their own, to a country, where every one has a good fair chance to do so. Second, their strenuous efforts to provide softer and easier spans of life for us, at the expense of their own comfort.

They are mostly all gone, the good old people. They ripened beautifully, naturally, and then slept, where we hope they "Rest in Peace."

To resume our account, the names of the 1884 settlers, including in some cases some of their descendants, were as follows:

"Raomhull Moiristan"—C.

Ronald Morrison of Boisdale, South Uist, and his wife Ann, whose ages were 53 and 50 respectively. Their family consisted of eight children, aged from 23 to 5 years. Their names were as follows: Angus, John B., John Jr., Mary, Donald, Jane, Marion and Alexander. Ronald and his family were well known for their kindness and hospitality, even where these excellent traits were the rule, and not the exception.

They made good, substantial progress on their farms, and most of them raised large, healthy families. Donald was the last to give up his independence, but he finally surrendered a few years ago, and is now happily married and making his home with his old friend, Father Gillies, at Regina, where he holds a position in the Civil Service.

Ronald was a cheerful soul, always greeting, good or bad luck, in worldly matters, with a hearty laugh. He died in 1915. His widow, patient and smiling and full of ripe, well spent years, is still living. Their youngest children, Marion and Alexander, died shortly after coming to Canada.

"Raomhull MacIllandrais"—C.

Ronald McEachen of Boisdale, South Uist, and his wife Margaret, nee O'Henley, were 29 and 27 years respectively when they came. One child, Donald, aged 4 months, completed the family then. This child died soon after their arrival, but several lusty sons and fair daughters were born to them on the old homestead, on the banks of the Pipestone. These were: Malcolm, Andrew, David, John and Donald, Marion, Mary, Sara, Katie, Christy and Catherine. Malcolm died in 1907 at the age of 22. The rest are all grown up and still unmarried, except Marion and John. The youngest son, Donald, is at present a student at Campion College, Regina.

Ronald was one, if not the best known of our people and his unexpected death in the summer of 1917 cast a deep gloom over all parts where he was known, and he was known far and wide in the province. He was a bright, adaptable man, public-spirited and ready for any undertaking in a good cause. He was in his element, surrounded by his friends in his own home, and who ever partook of his true Highland hospitality, will never forget his bright, clear, blue eye, as it radiated kindness and welcome. Generous to a fault, ready witted and musical, "gloom" and Ronald could not live under the same roof-tree. He was a good provider and left his family in easy circumstances.

"Calum Ruadh"—P.

Malcolm McRury of Snaoisbhall, South Uist, and his wife Margaret, aged 43 and 35 respectively. They had three children: Mary Ann, Joanna and Angus, all under 7 years. Two more, Roderick and Annie, were added to the family in Saskatchewan.

Two cousins, Catherine McRury and her sister Flora, both full-grown girls, accompanied them to the West, where they married later on.

Malcolm was a hard worker, and as the years went by, moved from the old homestead in the Gordon district to new farms at Parkin, where he had more elbow room. His wife died in the early nineties, while Malcolm passed in 1915.

"Eachun MacIain"—C.

Hector McKinnon of Iochdar, S. Uist, and his wife Marion, nee MacDonald, aged 49 years each. They had eight of a family, ranging in ages from 20 to 3 years. Their names were: John, Donald, Lachlan, Mary, Jane, Neil, Mary A. and Donald John. Hector died in 1892, the son Neil in 1893, and Mary A. in 1895.

Hector was a good, quiet, patient Christian. He suffered much for a long time prior to his death without a murmur, so that to him the change was a happy release.

All the sons, except Donald John, married, as also did the daughters, and all, except Donald, married in the old settlement. In the course of the passing years they added quite a few new members to the Roll of the McKinnon clan. They are all doing well. Donald and Donald John being railway employees, and the other two sons on the old homesteads. The mother died at an advanced age towards the end of 1919.

"Seumas Ban"—P.

James Campbell of Iochdar, S. Uist, and his wife Catherine were 52 and 47 respectively. They had four children, whose ages were from 17 to 10 and whose names were: Neil, Lizzie, Duncan and Roderick. James was a jolly, happy-go-lucky mortal, who was never over-concerned regarding an unjust distribution of the goods and chattels of this world. His wife died in the late eighties, the son Duncan some ten years ago, and old James himself at a great age in 1920. Lizzie married a native of Lewis, who had flocks and herds. Roderick saw service in the late war, and is at present in California, while Neil, who is married, appears to be still attached to the peaceful remnant of our heroic Army.

“Lachunn Mor”—P.

Lachlan McDonald of Iochdor, S. Uist, and his wife Effie were 60 and 44 years old respectively. They had seven children, all girls, whose ages ranged from 18 to 6 years. Their names were: Margaret, Mary, Mary Anne, Flora, Marion, Mary jr. and Catherine.

Lachlan was a shrewd, witty man. He died several years ago at a good old age. Two of the daughters, the two Marys, also died. The widow is still living.

“An Gobha Ruadh”—C.

Ronald McPhee of Iochdar, S. Uist, widower, was 48 years old. He had four children, aged from 20 down to 5 years. Ronald was a blacksmith by trade and quite a character in his way. His vivid imagination, if cultivated by education in his youth, would have made him a great romancer, as he could spin yarns by the yard at short notice, and keep it up indefinitely, while frequently the plow shares in the forge would be forgotten and burning as the smith yarned and the farmer listened.

Some 24 years ago the poor man lost his way in a snow storm and was found frozen to death, a mile or so from his home. Murdoch is a widower, also a wanderer. Angus, also a blacksmith, died accidentally or otherwise. Neil fought in France and was wounded. Since returning he acquired half a section of land and the widow and family of the former owner thereof.

“Seonaid”—C.

Janet McDonald of Iochdar, S. Uist, widow. Her age is given as 34, but this must be a mistake. She had four of a family, from 16 to 8 years of age, with the following names: Mary, Jane, Alexandrina and Alex. The three daughters married. Two of them are well-to-do. The son Alex is still driving in single harness. All, including the mother, are living in the district.

“Domhull MacCuithein”—P.

Donald McQueen of Iochdar, S. Uist, was then a bachelor, aged 21. Donald married very soon after taking up his farm. His wife being Margaret, a daughter of Lachlan McDonald, already mentioned. They raised a large family of boys and girls. Two of the sons fought in the war, one of them, Lachlan, giving his life for the cause.

McQueen and his family became successful farmers and if I am not mistaken, he is the only one who made two holiday trips to his old home in Scotland.

“Iain MacUisdean”—C.

John McPhee of Iochdar, S. Uist, was a bachelor also when he arrived. He was accompanied by his brother Francis. Their ages were 24 and 21 respectively. Francis wandered away some years later, and is supposed to be living somewhere in the States.

John married over 30 years ago. His wife was Effie, a daughter of Neil Campbell. They had eight of a family, four sons and four daughters.

Two of the sons, Hugh and John, saw service in the war, and both got back safe and sound.

John's wife died some ten years ago, while John himself is still hearty, his weight and whiskers increasing as the years go by.

"Iain MacDhomhuill Oig"—C.

John McCormick of Iochdar, S. Uist, and his wife Mary, aged 52 and 46 respectively. Five children crossed the Atlantic, their ages being from 12 years down to 5 months. Their names were Katherine, Marion, Donald, Kate and Alex. Two other sons, John and Malcolm, were born in Canada.

John is still living and is in his 89th year, being the sole survivor of the older pioneer fathers of 1884. The daughter Marion died at the age of 18 in 1894. Alex was one of the first to join the Canadian warriors who went to the battlefields of France, where he had many narrow escapes. After more than two years of fighting he was honorably discharged and came home. Soon after he enlisted again, and being a true soldier, he went again to the deadly trenches where he lost an arm. Dan is an engineer, and married, his home being at Moose Jaw. The two girls and Malcolm are also married and have families.

"Bean Iain'ic Mhicheil"—C.

Flora McIntyre of Iochdar, S. Uist, was a widow, aged about 58 or 60. She had four of a family whose ages were from 24 to 15, named as follows: Mary, Flora, Angus and Michael.

Widow McIntyre was an exceedingly diligent worker, and it was said that no one ever found her idle at any time. She died in 1897.

Michael, a big, strapping lad, left home, one of the first hard years, to seek work in one of the border states, and as he never returned, it is presumed that he died there. The rest never married and are still to be found together on the old homestead, tending their numerous flocks and herds.

"Domhull Chalum"—P.

Donald McInnes of Gerinish, S. Uist, and his wife Mary were 43 and 37 years respectively. Their family consisted of five, all girls, ranging in ages from 16 to 2 years. Their names were Mary, Maggie, Malie, Flora and Christina.

All the daughters, except the youngest, married and have families. Donald, his wife and daughter moved to Winnipeg some years ago, where the good old couple celebrated their golden wedding a couple of years since.

"Domhull Dughalach"—C.

Donald McDougall of Torlum, Beubecula, and his wife Margaret, nee McSween, were each 30 years of age. They had three of a family, aged from 5 to 1 year, whose names were John, James and Angus. Four other sons and one daughter were added to the family here. Their names being Dan, Allan, Kenneth, Neil and Margaret.

A stone mason by trade and having a good, safe "look-before-you-leap" disposition, Donald and his family got on well and in the course of years acquired several farms in various parts of the district, and all are in easy circumstances.

All are married, except James, Dan and Margaret, but then the year is still young and the market as good as ever.

Donald retired several years ago, and with his wife and daughter lives in the thriving town of Moosomin. Here he can smoke his pipe at ease, and needn't get up till next morning if he feels so inclined.

"Raomhull MacCarmaic"—C.

Ronald McCormick of Gramisdale, Beubecula, and his wife Mary were about 56 and 32 years old respectively. The family was composed of eight children, whose names were Roderick, Mary and Marion (these three being the issue of a former marriage of Ronald's), Angus, Peter, Donald John, Christie and Marion. Their ages being from 19 years to six months. Other children were born on the old homestead here. Angus and the younger Marion died many years ago, while Mary died at Calgary some ten years ago.

Roderick married Annie Campbell and has a large family. One son of his, Neil, fought in France during the late war. Peter is an engineer and is married somewhere in B. C. The rest of this family are rather scattered and hard to follow.

Ronald died two years ago at the great age of 91 years. He will be long remembered in the district for his iron constitution, his good, long memory, and his fondness for telling the old Gaelic tales and traditions of his beloved Highlands. As a sample of his endurance and disregard for bodily pain, it is said that he once walked ten miles—more or less—with one of his ankles broken or out of joint.

"Iain MacRaomhuill"—C.

John McDonald of Gramisdale, Beubecula, and his wife Flora were 58 and 47 years of age. They had eight children, aged from 26 to 6 years. Their names were Donald, Ronald, Angus, Mary Ann, Kate, Mary, Roderick and Catherine.

Death laid a heavy hand on this fine family till very few are left. Roderick died soon after their arrival, Kate in 1896, Angus through injuries received in the dangerous cyclone that swept that part of the country in 1900, Ronald in 1903 after a long illness. Catherine, who was then the wife of Lachlan McEachen, died in 1911, the mother in 1907, while good, old John himself passed to the great beyond a couple of years later, being then well over the allotted span of life. However, in spite of disease and death, this family was always well to the fore and from the beginning counted among the most prosperous farmers in the settlement.

Donald and Ronald married sisters, Kate and Marion McKinnon. The former has a large family. One of his sons, John, fought in France. Ronald left two children, a son and a daughter. This son John is on his way to become a banker.

Angus, whose wife was Jane Morrison, also left a son. He, too, saw service in France.

Two other children died in infancy from injuries received at the same time as their father's.

“Domhull Ruadh”—C.

Donald McPherson of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, and his wife Ann, aged 38 and 39 respectively. They had a family of seven, whose ages were from 17 down to 4 years and whose names were Catherine, Mary, Donald John, Alex, Christie, Neil and Dan.

A fine, kind-hearted family, that did well while together. The mother died in 1908 and the father in 1909. Alex and Donald J. are prominent farmers on the old second homesteads. Alex married and has a family, while Donald J. is still a bachelor, but with his weather eye on the watch.

Dan was an invalid for some years prior to his death which occurred five or six years ago.

Neil, who was a sharp, keen lad, left for parts unknown on attaining his majority. The daughters are comfortably married in the district, and have large families.

“Alasdair Mor”—C.

Alexander McDonald of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, and his wife Marion, aged 40 and 34 years respectively. Their family consisted of three, aged from 13 years to 6, and named Isabella, Flora and Ronald.

Alex was a sailor in his younger days and was very fond of spinning delightful yarns about his voyages to parts unknown. He died two years ago. Bella died in 1903, while poor Flora has been an invalid for many years. Ronald is married now and the father of a little family.

“Domhull Mac Thormaid Herraich”—

Donald McLeod of Beubecula was a bachelor, aged 21 years. McLeod was evidently out of his element, farming, for he soon left this part of the world for other fields, but where, I never heard.

“Seamas Mor”—P.

James Miller of Aird, Beubecula, and his wife Mary Ann, aged 47 and 38 years respectively. They had six of a family, whose ages ranged from 21 years to 5, and whose names were Ann, Mary, George, Thomas, John and William. Another daughter, Minnie, was born in Canada. James was a kind, but keen and voluble man, and from my recollection was quite able to give “David Harum” many pointers when it came to a horse deal. He was also a good provider and left his family fairly well fixed, when he died several years ago. George was accidentally killed by a passenger train at Moosomin some three years ago. All the members of this family, except Thomas, married and have large families.

“Iain MacAlasdair Ruaidh”—C.

John McPherson of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, and his wife Catherine were about 75 and 65 years respectively when they came over, being the oldest couple among our immigrants. The two unmarried members

of their family accompanied them, Angus 23, and Mary about 20 years. They also had a grand-daughter with them, named Ann, aged 16. John died in 1898 at the age of 89, while his aged widow passed several years later. Angus is married and has a family, while Mary has been an invalid for many years. Old John was a well-known character, being a simple robust man of the old school, whose quaint remarks are still passing current in the settlement.

Like many another man of his day and generation, John hugged a certain pleasant delusion. The Englishman of those days fully believed that one of his countrymen was equal to six Frenchmen, and the Frenchman vice versa. The Irishman thought that one "Paddy" was equal to a baker's dozen of either of those named, but "John" fully believed that a Highlander in strength, agility and endurance was equal to the whole combination, with some extras thrown in for good measure.

For this reason some young wags in the neighborhood used to draw him out, and confirm him in his harmless belief concerning his own countrymen. Here is a sample: John, being too old for active work, used to herd the cattle during the summer and fall, his favorite haunts being near the railroad track—the C. P. R. right-of-way being close to his first homestead.

John was not used to railroads or their ways and he was therefore surprised to see so many trains going West and very few going East (the East-bound at that time passed mostly at night), but John didn't know this. So, meeting one of the young wags already mentioned, he enquired the reason. "Well, you see, John, it's this way, you know that at the other end of the track, right at the edge of the Pacific Ocean, they used to keep two great big Highlanders for the purpose of turning the trains around when they couldn't get any further, but now, alas, they are both dead and there being nobody strong enough to take their places, the trains simply goes splash into the Pacific and you know it's a slow job building new ones to come back."

"Well now," replied John, with a characteristic sweep of his great hand from chin to forehead, "Didn't I think myself that it must be something like that."

"Domhull MacCarmaic"—C.

Donald McCormick of Beubecula, S. Uist, and his wife Ann, aged respectively 26 and 25 years. They had one baby daughter, one year old, named Marion. Several other children, sons and daughters, were born in Canada. Donald is a warm-hearted man who strictly attends to his own affairs, and therefore, with the help of his family, he now owns a comfortable home. Three of his daughters are married.

"Alasdair Currie"—C.

Alexander Currie of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, was a bachelor in those days, aged about 30. Currie believes in perseverance, and therefore stuck to his farm, through the lean as well as the fat years, and being also a canny, careful man, he reaped a fair amount of success. He married in 1896, his wife was Annie, second daughter of Donald MacKinnon. They had six children, the last one being dead at birth, while the mother, a fine, lovable woman, died a few days later in 1906 at the early age of 33 years.

The other five children are doing well, their names being Kenneth, Christy, Marion, Katie and Flora. Kenneth took part in the big war and came home safe when it was all over. A few years after the death of his first wife, Currie married again. His second wife, Lexy McDonald, is a good, diligent housekeeper, who certainly makes life far more comfortable for Currie in his declining years. They have three robust little boys, very promising staffs for their old age.

“Aongas MacNeill”—C.

Angus McPhee of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, was well over 70 years when he came to Canada. He was a widower and accompanied by a son and daughter, Lachlan, 22 years of age, and Mary, 20. A nephew, Lachlan McEachen, aged 8, also came with this family. This nephew became a good business man, and therefore a man of some substance. Poor Lachie was accidentally drowned while holidaying at Long Lake a few years ago.

Old Angus was a powerful man in his day. He firmly believed that the race was fast degenerating and the great majority of his own and subsequent generations fully agree with him. This sombre view has been fully disproved in the fiery furnace of the greatest war that this world ever experienced. In this great test, feats of valour, of courage, and of nerve were performed daily and hourly, on land, in the air, on the sea, and under the sea, by men of all nations, that were never surpassed or equalled in any age of which we have any record. Lachlan, the son, taught the winter school organized by Father Gillies in the late eighties. He was a beautiful penman, which, however, is not so important as being a good, hustling farmer in this part of the world. He left for parts unknown, many years ago.

Mary married and raised a fine large family of MacKinnons. Old Angus died at a great age, when the West was comparatively young.

“Gilleasbuig Mac a’Phi”—C.

Archibald McPhee of Uachdar, Beubecula, and his wife Margaret, aged about 36 and 30 years respectively. They had five children, whose ages were from 12 to 1 years, and their names were Catherine, Mary, Mary Ann, Malcolm and Angus. Other children were added to this family later on. Archie, a bluff hearty man, is a son of Angus, mentioned above, and like others of his clan, he is a fine hospitable specimen of the old-time Highlander. He and his family moved from their original homestead at Burrows to St. Luke’s, north of Whitewood, where they are doing well.

“Eachunn Mac a’Phi”—C.

Hector McPhee of Flodda Isle, Beubecula, and his wife Mary, nee McLeod, were 34 and 32 years old respectively. They had four of a family, aged from 7 to 2 years, named as follows: Donald, Catherine, Angus and Mary. Donald and Catherine died of measles soon after their arrival. Other children were born in Canada, and I understand that all are doing well. Hector is another son of old Angus, and with his brother Archie looks as if they, too, would live to see as many years in this world as he did.

“Aonghas Dughallach”—C.

Angus McDougall of Gramisdale, Beubecula, was a widower, about 63 years of age. One son and three daughters, all grown up, accompanied him. These were Margaret (issue of first marriage), Malcolm, Flora and Effie. Their ages being from 28 to 19. Angus was a good sample of the good old men of his generation. He had a good memory, and therefore a great fund of stories about “ye good olden times” when men performed unbelievable feats in his native land. Of course, this was before tea, cakes, indigestion and appendicitis were invented, when men and women led natural lives, their bill of fare made up of milk and its products, oatmeal, fish and meat, with an occasional dram of pure whiskey. Angus died in 1894. The three daughters married. Flora died soon after her marriage, while the other two are widows with grown up families. Malcolm is still a bachelor, but “uncle” to every youngster in his district. The years are dealing kindly with Malcolm, each adding a pound or two to his weight, as it rolls by.

“Seannie Dughallach”—C.

John McDougall of Gramisdale, Beubecula, and his bride Catherine, nee McCormick, were 26 and 18 years respectively. John is a son of Angus, mentioned above. A fine family of sons and daughters were born to this couple on the old farm. Unfortunately the mother died in the prime of life many years ago. Two of the sons, Ronald and Michael, enlisted during the war, the first named being killed in action in France, where far too many of our promising young men are sleeping their last long sleep. John and his family are doing well, owning quite a lot of land.

“Iain MacDhomhuill’ic Phadruig”—C.

John McDonald of Askernish, South Uist, and his bride Mary, nee McPherson, were also newly married. Their ages were then 26 and 22 years respectively. A bright family of six sons and two daughters were born in Canada to this couple, and all are doing well in their various vocations. The mother, a fine, intelligent woman, died in 1902. One of the sons, Patrick, enlisted and was killed on the field of battle in France. The youngest son, Angus, is now attending the Provincial University at Saskatoon with the aim of qualifying for the medical profession. John carries his years lightly. He retired from active farming some years ago and lives comfortably at Moosomin with his youngest daughter Katie. His eldest son, Dan, assumed his farming interests and is carrying on with success.

“Domhull Mac Raomhuill’ic Sheumais”—C

Donald McDonald of Flodda Isle Beubecula, aged 28, was a bachelor when he landed in Canada. His sister Margaret, five or six years younger, accompanied him. Donald married in the settlement and raised a large family. His sister married and did likewise, so that the MacDonalds and McCormicks bid fair to surpass the other clans in the number of younger branches on their respective family trees.

“Raomhull Mor”—C.

Ronald McDonald of Aird, Beubecula, and his wife Ann were 45 and 40 years of age respectively. They had two children under ten years of age, named Donald John and Maggie.

Ronald was a very hospitable soul, and a great lover of good horses. Donald John is a fine piper. He joined the forces in France during the war in that capacity, and saw much fighting, but came home safe and sound, with a complete fine Highland costume and an elaborate set of pipes. He and his sister are still unmarried.

Ronald died in 1905. The mother is still strong and has a cosy corner with the two children on the old homestead.

“Domhull Og”—C.

Donald MacKinnon of Balivanich, Beubecula, and his wife Catherine, nee McPhee, were 59 and 43 years of age when they came to Canada. They had eight of a family, whose ages ranges from 18 to 3 years. Their names were as follows: Donald, Ann, James N., Annie, Peter, Sarah, John and Norman. Donald was a stone mason by trade, a sincere Christian, well informed, and a pleasant conversationalist. He was well known locally as a bard of some ability, and having good command of his native Gaelic, he composed many pieces of merit, some of which are vivid pictures of the ups and downs of pioneer life in the early days. The elegy, composed after the death of his favorite daughter Ann in 1889, is by far his best effort. He died in 1912 at the great age of 77 and was followed three years later by his inconsolable widow. She was a great worker in her day, and a true helpmate. All the sons are married, and all have large families of their own. Annie, who married Alex Currie, died in 1906, as already mentioned. Sarah is married to John L. McDougall, and all are comfortable. Donald is a railway employee. His only son, Hector, fought in the war and was wounded in France. James N. is in the Civil Service. Peter and John are extensive farmers, the former being also a well-known stockshipper. Norman and his family moved to British Columbia some years ago.

“Bean Ghramasdail”—P.

Mrs. Marion MacDonald of Gramisdale, Beubecula, was a widow of about 60 years of age. She had two sons and one daughter, whose names were: Mary, Archie Kenneth and John. Their ages being from 2'5 to 21. John left the district in the early days and found his way to British Columbia, where he married, and where, I understand, he holds a lucrative government position. Mary also married in the early days and has a comfortable home at Brandon, Man.

Archie K. had his faults, like the rest of us, but he was a very obliging neighbor all the same and would do a good turn sooner than most men. Archie had a large family, and therefore needed much room, so he removed, bag and baggage, some twelve years ago, and headed one fine summer day for the Golden West, where he can dance the “Highland Fling” without stepping on anybody's toes, to his heart's content.

The old mother married again, too, in her old age and was gathered to her fathers a few years later.

“An Saor Ban”—C.

Donald McKinnon of Balivanich, Beubecula, and his wife Sarah, 69 and 53 years old respectively. They had eight of a family, but only six accompanied them, as two of the sons were already in Eastern Canada. These soon joined the family circle on the old homestead at Red Jacket. Most of the family were full grown, ranging in ages from 30 down to 8. Their names were as follows: John, Donald, Neil, Catherine, Ewen, Alexander, Ronald and Marion.

Donald was a joiner or carpenter in the old country, and his eldest son, John, was also brought up to that useful trade. A splendid, robust family they were, who have done well in their adopted country.

I have pleasant recollections of the fine old man, for his benevolent smile, as he sat in his accustomed corner, thinking over a useful past life, and hopeful for the eternal one, which he then was fast approaching, was almost a visible prayer. He died in 1902, while his aged widow survived him some fourteen years.

Catherine (Mrs. Dan McDonald) died thirteen years ago, while John passed to the great majority in 1918. All married, except Ronald, and these, except John, raised large families.

Neil, Hugh and Alex have been railway employees for a good many years. Neil and Hugh had two sons each in the war, and one, a son of Hugh, named Dan, was badly wounded in battle. Dan and his family moved to Western Saskatchewan some years ago.

“Fionuladh MacPhail”—P.

Finlay McIntosh of Beubecula, S. Uist, and his wife Margaret were 35 and 25 years old in 84. They had three children of from 4 to 1 year old. Their names were: Maggie, Flora and Angus. The latter died some ten years after their arrival. Two more sons and two daughters were born in Canada, John, Neil, Katie and Mary Ann. Neil fought in France and won his commission on the battlefield, where he served with some distinction. Finlay's wife died many years ago, and some years later he and his family moved West, where they resumed farming. His youngest daughter Mary Ann died at Regina of the 'flu a couple of years ago.

“Domhull MacRath”—P.

Donald McRae of Benavala, Beubecula, S. Uist, and his wife Catherine aged 58 and 50 respectively. They had five of a family, four daughters and one son from 19 down to 9 years of age. They were named: Alexandrina, Christina, Marion, Farquhar and Sarah. This fine old couple died many years ago. Two of the daughters married, while Farquhar, the son and heir, and the others are still single, but fairly well-to-do and owns an up-to-date comfortable home.

“Domhull a'Bhanca”—P.

Donald MacDonald of Ruadh'a Bhruch, Beubecula, and his wife Catherine were 36 and 31 years old respectively. They had one son, John, but as he is still unmarried I will not give his age here.

The wife died several years ago and Donald, who was never very robust, followed in 1919. Donald was a good piper, and consequently in the early days no wedding or entertainment of any kind was considered complete without Donald and his pipes. He was also ready-witted (especially when he had a dram or two) that very few dared to become a target for his ever ready battery of cutting retort. His brother Norman, several years older, joined him here, coming from Australia over thirty years ago. He is still living at the age of 85, a bachelor and blind. He is a man of considerable knowledge and in his younger days was a banker in his native land.

“Ferachar Beutan”—P.

Farquhar Beaton of Griminish, Beubecula, and his wife Christina were 32 and 29 years of age when they left the old country. They had three children then, from five years to two, named Mary, Norman and Annie. Five more were added to this bright family in Canada. Their names being Dan, Alex, John, Katie and Flora.

Farquhar was not a native of Beubecula, but coming from the mainland as a young man to take the position of constable there, he married on the island, his wife being a McRury, a sister of the well-known Gaelic scholar and writer, the late Rev. John McRury of Skye, Scotland. The sister must have been touched, too, by Ossian's mantle, for she is a poetess of some ability, and some of the family, especially Norman, acquired a big share of this heritage of the McRurys.

Alex. and John joined our armies in France, the former, who was a telegraph operator, was killed in action. Kate died shortly after her marriage several years ago. All the rest, except John, are married and have comfortable homes and little families of their own.

“Bauntrach Aonghais Phosta”—P.

Mrs. Ann McDonald of Aird, Beubecula, was a widow, aged about 50. She had three sons: Archie, Donald and Roderick, aged respectively 21, 17 and 13 years. The widow died at a good old age some 5 or six years ago. Donald married and is a widower with a fairly large family. His eldest son Angus fought in France, where he was slightly wounded.

Archie and Roderick are still single, living together, owning land, stock, and probably a fair bank account.

“Ruairidh MacIsaic”—C.

Roderick MacIsaac of Uachdar, Beubecula, aged 27, was a bachelor when he came to Canada. He married soon after, his wife being Catherine, eldest daughter of Donald McPherson. They raised a large family, three or four of whom are now married with cosy homes and little families of their own. Roderick carries his years lightly, and being a piper of some ability, he keeps the cares and worries of this vale of tears at a respectable distance.

“Tormad Beag”—P.

Norman McDonald of South Uist and his wife Christie, both aged about 38 years. They had two children, Mary and Angus, under two

years. Another son, Donald, was born on the old homestead near Wapella. Norman, though a strong, sturdy man, was not one of the consistent strenuous sort. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" was his motto through life. His wife and descendants ably seconded him in this respect while they lived in this neighborhood, from which they departed some years after Norman's death, which occurred some fourteen years ago.

"Aonghas MacSheumais"—P.

Angus McRury of Griminish, Beubecula, aged 42, was a bachelor. He made his home with his sister's family on the banks of the Pipestone. He was so fond of exchanging news, however, that he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to all parts of the settlement for this purpose, and was always a welcome visitor at every fireside of his wide acquaintance during those early years. Poor Angus succumbed on one of these pilgrimages, evidently from some heart trouble, for he was found dead by the road side between Moosomin and Red Jacket in the late eighties or early nineties. He never married.

"Nial Caimbeul"—C.

Neil Campbell of Dalebrug, S. Uist, and his wife Janet were about 57 years each when they landed in Canada. Their family consisted of three daughters and two sons, their ages being from 24 to 16 years. Neil was a quiet, unassuming man of simple tastes, like the great majority of the old-timers. He died in 1898. His widow is still living, being the oldest survivor of our pioneers in these parts. She is a remarkable old woman, still able to do her house work and take a keen interest in the questions of the day, political or otherwise, and can discuss each with intelligence and emphatic assertiveness, showing that her faculties are still in good working order. The names of the children were: Effie, Mary, Colin, Neil and Ann. The girl married and mothered large families. Effie (Mrs. John McPhee) died in 1913. The son Neil found his way to the States somewhere, where he took up his permanent residence and married. Colin is a widower, having no family.

"Calum Caimbeul"—C.

Malcolm Campbell of Askirniah, S. Uist, and his wife Marion had three children when they landed in Canada. Malcolm was 27 and his wife 30 years of age. The children, Donald, Archie and Jessie, were under 5 years at the time. Other children, sons and daughters, arrived as the years came and went. Sickness and death were no strangers in their home, making irreparable gaps from time to time in the family circle. Donald, the eldest son, died in 1910 after a long illness. Jessie, the eldest daughter, who was then the wife of Malcolm McPherson, died a few years after her marriage. Neil, another son, died in the prime of life some years ago, while the father himself passed to the silent majority also, but I have no record of the year of his death.

Malcolm was a son of Neil, mentioned in the preceding sketch. His widow, unmarried sons and daughter have a comfortable home, while the other survivors of the family have homes and young families of their own.

“Patra Beag”—C.

Peter McIntyre of Boisdale, South Uist, and his wife Flora, nee Steele, had one child, Donald, when they arrived in Canada, but as their names, as well as those of the Steele family, were for some reason omitted from the list of the 1884 immigrants, I cannot give their ages. Judging from size, however, and a very lively disposition, I am sure that Peter himself was but a boy in whiskers at the time. Two more sons and one daughter were added to the family on the old homestead. These were Ronald, John and Annabella. The latter, a fine, winsome girl and the only daughter, unfortunately died some years ago after being in delicate health for some time.

Peter and his family are prominent farmers in their district. One of the boys, Ronald, recently married.

Peter is far from being a giant in stature, but every one of his inches is full of fun and good nature, crowned by a witty joke, and his vocation in life always appeared to be to make people laugh, almost under all circumstances. Peter is now over the “three score and ten,” but with the exception of a little frost in his whiskers, he is the same lively Peter of yore, and we can almost imagine him, when his days in this world are ended, accosting his namesake St. Peter at the Pearly Gates with his usual jolly hail of “Say, are you long in the country.”

“Alasdair Steele”—C.

Alexander Steele of Boisdale, South Uist, and his wife Anabella, nee Kennedy, had five children, all young. Their names were: John, Bella, Hugh, Marlon and Annie. Marion died of whooping-cough soon after their arrival. Three more children were born in this country, Ronald, Mary Ann and Malcolm. Shortly after the birth of the last named the mother died, but the eldest daughter, a precocious girl in her early teens, mothered the younger children uncommonly well, raising them without want or mishap, till they were able to look after themselves.

The father died in 1900, after a long illness. The daughter Mary Ann died in the prime of life some years ago, while the eldest son, John, who had been living in the far West for years, enlisted during the war and was killed in action in France. The youngest son, Malcolm, also enlisted, in spite of being handicapped by sickness at the time.

A half brother of Alexander, named Lachlan Steele, also accompanied them to this country. He was a young man then, under 25 years, but died a few years after coming over. Alexander Steele was an expert carpenter and was always in demand, especially for fine workmanship, such as Steele, a master of his craft, could do.

The boys abandoned the old homestead long ago and are now farming successfully near Windthorst.

Hugh, Bella and Annie are married and have families. Annie's husband, John Ban Morrison, died last year of that dreadful epidemic, the 'Flu.

OUR PIONEER PASTORS AND OTHERS

The above, being the last of the family sketches of our pioneers, I will, as intimated elsewhere, conclude this little history of the Clans by giving short accounts of our spiritual advisers, especially Father Gillies, who was and always will be prominently identified with the life and progress of the community for so many years.

On glancing over these family accounts we find that our 1883 immigrants numbered 47 souls. Of these 29 were Protestant and 18 Catholic. Of those that came in 1884, 167 were Catholic and 73 Protestant, making a total of 287, of which 185 were Catholic and 102 Protestant.

The deplorable scattered state of our settlers over such a wide area, the greater part of which was open for settlement, resulted, as might be expected, in other nationalities of various creeds and of no creed at all taking up the vacant lands, creating an atmosphere far from conducive towards the improvement of the rising generation. Thus our poor little flocks were here, there and everywhere, like a handful of checkers thrown at random by the hand of a blind giant to drop where they would over a vast checker-board.

Consequently they were handicapped when any passing "shepherd" paused on his way to offer his services, as phones, autos and airplanes did not exist in those days, and even the now despised horse, which was then considered the very acme of perfection as a motive power, was a rare sight in the settlements.

A man who managed to own anything in the shape of a horse, or more particularly a mule, was entitled to "put on airs" and to monopolize the whole trail, especially if he drove in a certain rattletrap of a vehicle called a buckboard. For the common people, however, the principal mode of travelling anywhere prior to 1889 was by means of the slow but sure ox team, or by walking. Yet talk about your "Ford" and its other aristocratic gassy brethren in connection with fun and good, wholesome, enjoyable times. Why, there is no parallel in the comparison.

The happiest days we ever spent, the most enjoyable drives and rides, were by far and away those of the days of the slow, ponderous wise old oxen, and of the little rattling buckboard, but the joy-laden sauce of the ages was then in our cup, for we were young.

At the present time you may travel in a car at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, surrounded by a choking halo of dust and gas, you have no time, inclination or breath to admire nature or your travelling partner, that is, providing she is the right party. In fact, you have just time to bite a sample of the dusty, smelly halo already mentioned, when you arrive somewhere. A short pause, and off you go again, both hands (to comply with the law) grasping the steering wheel, while usually a pair of unsightly green goggles covers the eyes, a combination that defies romance, from whatever angle you view it. Fun, indeed! Why, in those good old days one hand could do all the necessary driving, while the other — Why continue, for it makes me sad, and also leads me from the subject, for I started to speak of our early

pastors, and wandered away, driving with one hand. Yet many of those drives ended before the pastor, for he is considered an expert at putting a stop to such a dangerous mode of driving.

As the population of the little mushroom towns that sprang up along the C. P. R. was 80 or 90 per cent. Protestant in this part of the new country, clergymen of their more prominent and numerous denominations were to be found in most of the towns.

The Catholic population, being small and scattered, with priests few and far between, a visit from one to the settlement was naturally quite an event in those days. The first priest to take more than a passing interest in our Catholic settlers was Father Joseph McCarthy O.M.I. of St. Boniface. A typical Irishman, warm hearted, enthusiastic, who even then was an old experienced missionary in the West.

Good old Father McCarthy, whose broad, innocent smile covered a keen illumined mind, wise in the ways of humanity and gray with years and service in the Master's cause. He has long since gone to his reward. God rest his soul.

He kept up his visits till the year 1888, and even later on, when his services were no longer necessary, he spent some of his few and well earned holidays visiting his many friends in St. Andrew's parish.

None of those visiting priests, however, could speak Gaelic, and as our pioneers, particularly the older members, especially the women, couldn't speak much English, if any, their hearts and souls yearned for a priest that could speak their own, soft mother tongue.

They certainly appreciated the work and the visits of the English and French speaking priests, but "Ochoin," their conversation, their sermons and even the prayers sounded unnatural to their Gaelic-tuned ears. I am almost sure that many of our old-timers thought, that the beautiful prayers recited in their own, very expressive Gaelic was more pleasing even to the "Almighty" than any uttered in those funny tongues of the "Sassenach" and French. Why, some of them had strong doubts as to whether the angels themselves could understand such unintelligible "gibberish."

However, their hopes and wishes were soon to be realized, for in 1886, Mr. David Gillies B.A. of Nova Scotia, then a young man fresh from an Eastern seat of ecclesiastical learning, appeared in the settlement.

Needless to say, his coming marked an epoch in the life of its people, for he was generously endowed with talents, which they all appreciated, especially when combined with his ability to speak their own beloved mother tongue.

Looking back now over the long bridge of years, I cannot help thinking how the stage and its crude setting must have appeared to him then, coming, as he did, from more pretentious cultured centres that had passed through the pioneer stage, generations before his time. Our bewhiskered, stout, old forebears, who cared little for outward appearances or tinsel of any kind, and their mode of life, must have struck one new to it all with no little dismay.

Our young ecclesiastic, however, was not one to judge men by appearances alone, for he knew that "a man's a man for a' that" and very soon found the good, warm hearts, together with the good, fair share of sound common sense, they possessed individually and collec-

tively under their rather rough exteriors. Yet neither side was very demonstrative, for that is not at all the Scottish fashion.

Though not yet ordained, he soon set to work, preparing the "ground," as it were, and laying the foundation of his future parish, where he was destined to spend the best years of his life for almost a generation, and which will ever be very dear to his heart.

Soon better religious and educational facilities appeared, when the first little log church and house combined was built by the old Wapella trail.

Here he had improved accommodation for himself and for the yet visiting priests in the discharge of their duties. Following this, four little schools were built of the same handy and inexpensive material. Their locations were: one at St. Andrew's, one at St. Peter's, one at St. Margaret's, and one at St. Mary's, where four of the more advanced scholars of the settlement were installed as teachers. These were Lachlan McPhee at St. Andrew's, Annie MacKinnon at St. Mary's, Ronald McDonald at St. Margaret's and Miss Chisholm at St. Peter's.

On June 10, 1888, the feast of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, Father Gillies was ordained priest, by Bishop Grandin of Prince Albert, in the parish church of St. Mary's, Winnipeg. On June 11, 1888, the young priest said his first mass at St. Boniface cathedral, and the same day was given his faculties as a priest by the late Archbishop Tache, being appointed parish priest of St. Andrew's parish. For twenty-five years Father Gillies was serving the parish of St. Andrew's. In 1912 he was called to the rectorship of Holy Rosary cathedral, Regina, and resigned in 1914, when he retired from active parish duties. While in retirement, Father Gillies officiates at the Holy Rosary cathedral.

He was unceasing in his labors, for he loved his poor parish of St. Andrew's and was ever looking forward for means to the laudable end of seeing his parish in a thriving condition, spiritually and temporally.

Scarcity of money was the great drawback in those years, but nevertheless there was great progress made. The little log church had given place to a more commodious and elaborate lumber building, which was erected further north on an exposed hill overlooking that part of the whole countyside, and as centrally situated as possible, considering the outside sub-settlements of Burrows, Red Jacket and St. Mary's. On an adjoining hill a little further west and north, was the first parish cemetery. Here some of our old people and, alas, more young ones, were laid to rest, but later on removed to the permanent parish cemetery adjoining the new church.

Father Gillies was not a robust man in a physical sense, and he suffered much for many years from occasional sick spells, but he did not allow that to interfere with his labors, either spiritual or temporal. Like the physician, the priest is apt to be called at any time, day or night, for sickness and death are ever busy in this vale of tears, and it can be easily understood, considering the travelling facilities of those days, that Father Gillies had many a long, cold drive, in all kinds of weather, to bring consolation and hope to some sick or dying member of his very scattered flock. Losing one's way in a raging blizzard in the depth of winter was common in the early days of prairie life, for there were no landmarks then, such as telephone poles, fences and

surveyed roadways, as at present, but a monotonous waste of sameness everywhere, and under such conditions it was often dangerous.

There is a radical change in many of our surroundings since those days, for even the weather has changed here since we first made its acquaintance. Heavy snows and snow storms were then frequent in winter, sometimes lasting for days at a time; while in the summer season, severe thunderstorms appeared, often without giving much warning to any poor traveller, who happened to be on the open, illimitable prairie at such a time. Very often in the winter the snow would be piled up around the buildings of our settlers, till all semblance of what they were, or even of their very existence were lost in the general wintry landscape.

Yes, Father Gillies was a very busy man in those days—building, organizing, teaching and preaching, and he never hesitated when he thought the occasion demanded it, to give any member of his flock a good, conscientious, well aimed verbal lashing, but let one of them get into trouble and any little pending cloud would disappear like the morning mist, and the true “father” and friend would be found, who, if necessary, would meet any or every wolf in any guise that threatened the well-being or peace of mind of any of his flock.

Temperance, too, was a very live issue with Father Gillies in those days. Men and women, old and young, signed the pledge, not for a year, but for an indefinite number of years, not because they were notoriously dissipated, because they were not, but because it was a good, solid, sound principle, and moreover, a good, wholesome example to the younger members.

Many of the adult men liked a drink, too, and all of them were used to partake of an occasional “dram” in their native land, but to their honor be it said, with hardly any exception they kept it clean as men of honor should.

In a public capacity Father Gillies has filled the following offices: Member of the Board of Education of the Northwest Territories; member of the Board of Examiners of Teachers; member of the Board of Inspectors; member of the Educational Council, a position he still holds, and ex-officio a senator of the University of Saskatchewan.

In spite of these manifold duties Father Gillies never lost sight of the need of a more worthy and permanent parish church at St. Andrew's, one that would be a lasting and dworthy monument to the memory of our pioneers.

Gradually the stones were pried from their prairie beds, where they had lain through the countless ages, waiting for the hands of our fathers to gather them and put them to that use, the most exalted that God's material can be put to—a temple for Himself.

The site chosen was a small clearing, slightly elevated over the surrounding country, and situated less than half a mile south of the original little log church. It is almost surrounded by trim, well grown poplar bluffs, in fact it is an ideal place for a church and for the last resting place of our sacred dead. The building began in the month of July 1900 and completed in August of the following year. Its tall steeple is a conspicuous landmark, that can be seen for many a mile as it overtops the surrounding bush, and like a gigantic warning finger upraised, ever beckoning, as it points to higher things beyond.

We can also imagine its deep-toned bell getting mellow as the years go by, ringing down the future ages, giving forth the same messages, inviting the faithful, welcoming the newly born, and tolling the last hours of those whose ears are being sealed by the inevitable "Dark Angel," waiting at the dividing line to which we are all drawing nearer with every breath we draw.

It is a noble little church, its peaceful surroundings, the tall poplar-lined, gravelly avenue leading up to its doors from the main road, and its tastefully decorated interior, are well worth visiting, even from an artistic point of view, especially in the summer season.

As time is usually reckoned, our little church is far from hoary yet, but it is maturing and losing that fresh callow look inseparably attached to new buildings, but as long as it stands on its sturdy foundations, there shall cling to every one of its sacred stones the memory of its pioneer builders, Father Gillies, and our good old fathers and mothers of St. Andrew's.

To recover a measure of health, which had suffered through strenuous labors, Father Gillies once left his parish temporarily prior to the building of the church, and during that time he visited his native province and other places of interest, including Scotland, the home of his forefathers, and Rome, the capital of the Christian world. Here he had the distinction of an audience with the famous Pontiff Leo XIII.

Returning to his parish in the West, much improved in health, he seemingly settled down quite content to spend the rest of his days with his beloved people, but events were then transpiring which, as usual, confirmed the lines of our immortal Burns, that "The best laid schemes of mice and men 'gang oft agley'."

How the growing importance of our western province led to the formation of the new diocese, now Archdiocese of Regina. The appointment of its first Bishop, now Archbishop Mathieu, naturally led to the appointment of Father Gillies—the best known priest in the province—as first rector of the Cathedral parish at Regina, are of recent occurrence, and therefore need not be repeated here.

Naturally the parting between priest and people was marked by keen sorrow and tears, for such ties, welded by long years of service and mutual understanding, are always hard to break, but the people had the consolation that the promotion was deserved, and in a way desirable, as it would widen the sphere of their former pastor's usefulness in the Master's service and still leave him near enough to keep their mutual interests and regard very much alive.

Father Gillies now lives in semi-retirement in his home at Regina, but holding his own well and ever ready, as of yore, to help those requiring his help, as priest and man.

His temples are gradually showing the silver sheen of the ripening years, but his figure is youthful yet, and if the prayers and wishes of his former parishoners will avail, he will yet enjoy many, many years of life and eternal happiness when he, in God's good time, joins the rest of our good old pioneers.

After the departure of Father Gillies, the old parish of St. Andrew's did not have a priest for quite a time, as fields in the new diocese were

rapidly multiplying, and pastors scarce, and calls from newly organized parishes insistent.

Though the rising generation in our parish is more at home in the English language than in their mother tongue, still there was enough of the older members left to justify the desire of the parish for another Gaelic speaking priest. A petition to this effect was forwarded to the Bishop, but for a time the result did not look very promising, as Gaelic speaking priests are very few indeed in this part of the world. Therefore the first priest to appear was an Irishman, Father Carahar, but he did not take root readily and so after a short stay left for other parts.

After that Father Barreau, a pleasant, lively French priest of the Monastic Order stationed at St. Hubert, attended the parish by making monthly calls, which was kept up till the appointment of the expected permanent parish priest was made.

This came to pass in 1915, the second year of the Great War, when the present incumbent, Rev. Father Ronald Rankin, another Gaelic speaking son of Nova Scotia, appeared in the parish, and is now the well-loved pastor of St. Andrew's and Moosomin.

Being physically strong and comparatively young, Father Rankin will, in the course of nature, see the passing of the last adult members of our pioneers, and judging by his work and zeal, he is a worthy successor of his predecessor, who will unflinchingly carry on the good work of showing the way to salvation, not only to present, but to many future descendants of the good old founders of his parish. Doubtless, too, some future parish scribe will have fragrant memories to record wherein his name, his parishioners and their joint good works will be intertwined for the edification of future members of the faithful.

OUR MINISTERS

Not being in touch with our non-Catholic pastors, I have been unable at this rather late day to glean any reminiscences regarding any of them. Therefore I can only give the bald facts of their respective names, and years of service. Judging from their names and slight personal knowledge, I know that practically all of them could talk Gaelic.

It has been the custom of the Presbyterian Church, especially in this part of the world, to change their pastors frequently and, though exceptions can be found, this is the prevailing rule.

Therefore very few of them had time to take root in their parish, their short stay forbidding this. Two churches were erected for the convenience of the people, one north of the Pipestone and one south, on the same sites on which they stand today.

Most of the ministers boarded with members of their congregation during their entire sojourn.

The third parish minister, Rev. D. F. MacMillan, evidently took an exceptional interest, for he married one of his fair parishoners, Mary Alexandra, the youngest daughter of Roderick MacDonald. He retired from the ministry in 1898 and from then confined himself to farming operations in the district, and with success, up to the time of his death at an advanced age a few years ago. His widow lately bought one of the best, if not the very best residence in Wapella and intends retiring there shortly.

Another of the ministers, who had a family, erected a residence on the picturesque banks of the Pipestone, but when his term, which was longer than usual, was up, the place was abandoned as a manse, and of late years our Highland friends are served from Wapella, having no resident minister of their own.

I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Donald MacDiarmid, for supplying me with their pastors' names and years of service, which were as follows:—

Rev. Duncan Munro	1885 to 1887
Rev. Duncan MacMillan	1887 to 1891
Rev. D. F. MacMillan	1891 to 1898
Rev. Neil Morrison	1898 to 1900
Rev. John Stewart	1901 to 1903
Rev. M. Campbell	1904 to 1911
Rev. Andrew Boyd	1911 to 1913
Rev. R. A. Clackson	1914 up to the

The foregoing little family sketches and remarks, with all their faults and lack of polish, may, like wine, improve with age.

Therefore if they are bottled safely to ripen with the years, our children's children may find them more interesting than we, who are now living so near to the era of our good old pioneer fathers and mothers of St. Andrew's parish.

Our day is coming, when we, too, must join them in their long silent sleep, and others will fill the little niches in which we stand in this world, but human nature never changes.

Therefore our descendants will be fully as inquisitive as we are, always asking, always wondering and pondering about man's perpetual legacy, the "why's, when's and wherefor's of life and death.

In like manner, judging from our own experience, they will want to know something about their forebears, and any little finger post left by us for their benefit and guidance in this respect will be appreciated when our own fingers are dust.